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## Agriculture.

**SOMETHING FOR ALL.**—So various is the appetite of animals, that there is scarcely any plant which is not chosen by some and left by others. The horse gives up the water hemlock to the goat; the cow gives up the long-leaved water hemlock to the sheep; the goat gives up the monkshood to the horse, &c. for that which certain animals grow fat upon, others abhor as poison; hence no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only respectively. Thus the spurge, which is noxious to man, is a most wholesome nourishment to the caterpillar. That animals may not destroy themselves from want of knowing this law, each of them is guarded by such a delicacy of taste and smell, that they can easily distinguish what is pernicious and what is wholesome; and when it happens that different animals live upon the same plants, still one kind always leaves something for the other, as the mouth of all are not equally adapted to lay hold of the grass, by which means there is sufficient food for all. To this may be referred an economical experiment, well known to the Dutch—that when eight cows have been in a pasture, and can no longer get nourishment, two horses will do there very well for some days; and when nothing is left for the horses, four sheep will live upon it.

**HOW TO RAISE ONIONS.**—I recently found in your valuable paper an inquiry how to raise onions! I have had some fifteen years experience in raising vegetables: My way to raise onions is, first to manure, and plough as early in the month of April as the ground will admit; pulverize the top of the ground by raking with common hay rakes, so that it shall be perfectly free from lumps, and then sow the seed with the seed-sower; no matter if the ground freezes, or if the snow falls, it will not injure the seed. I recollect once of having my onion up so that they could be distinctly seen in the drills at a distance, and had a full crop of four or five inches deep when, without doing the least injury. The great secret is the sowing early in the season and pulverizing the ground thoroughly before sowing. I never have any trouble with onions in bottoming.—The old rule is, that the tops should begin to wilt or die before dog-days. My yield is from six to eight hundred bushels to the acre. I think that they are a sure and profitable crop. I sowed them in drills fourteen inches apart.—*Chas. N. E. Farmer.*

**THE AGE OF SEEDS.**—The fact that age adds value to seeds may be perfectly familiar to agriculturists, but it is new to us. A gentleman in this city is in the habit of saving his melon seeds until they are six or seven years old, and maintains with entire confidence that, in consequence, they germinate more readily and originate more prolific plants. This theory has recently received striking confirmation in France. In 1852 a few grains of wheat were discovered in the tombs of some ancient mummies, found in the south of France, supposed to have been 2000 years old.—The government assumed the charge of the matter, and since that the product has been magnified in such an immense proportion that the Minister of Agriculture is now enabled to distribute large quantities over the empire, with instructions from the government farm as to the best mode of cultivation. It is suggested that the immense productiveness of this wheat is owing to the long rest of the seed. We imagine that it would be hard to find a sufficient cause in any other direction.

**The Winning-tact Cabbage** is a new variety, the seeds of which have been recently distributed from the Patent Office at Washington. The Lewisburg, Pa. Chronicle thus speaks of it:—  
"This is a new variety of cabbage. It is a very early kind, with small heads of a sugar loaf form, and very compact and solid, and of course, heavy for its size or bulk—so compact that no worm or other insect can get between its leaves, and hence its interior, which is of a surpassing whiteness, is always nice and clean, possessing a richness of flavor equal, if not superior, to any variety of cabbage yet known in these parts. I would advise all lovers of cabbage and sour-kraut to procure this variety, and regret that I will have no seed for distribution until next year. Winning-tact Cabbage drew a premium, and was much admired, at our late Northumberland Agricultural Fair, for its pretty form and solidity."

**EASY REMEDY FOR WORMS ON BOTTS IN HORSES.**—Dr. Dadd, a correspondent of the Country Gentleman, says he has tried the following for many years, without failure:—Put into the horse's mess, three successive mornings, each time about as much fine cut tobacco as would fill an old-fashioned Dutch pipe. If a handful of ash is given every week in a horse's mess, and whenever there is a change in the feed, or a change from hay to grass, or vice versa, the horse will rarely if ever be troubled with the bots, or any ailment requiring the administration of physic.

## Miscellaneous.

### NOT ASHAMED OF RIDICULE.

I shall never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad at an academy in B—. Among my schoolfellows were Hardy and Jenson. They were somewhat older than myself, and the latter I looked upon as a leader in the matter of opinion and of sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually on the look out for matters of derision.

Hardy was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning, as we were on our way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road to a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jenson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was not to be lost by Jenson.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed; "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those bots?"

Hardy waving his hand to us with a pleasant smile, driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school, in the afternoon, he let out the cow, and drove her off, none of us knew where.—And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of — Academy were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jenson, were dandies enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jenson were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn, refused to sit next to Hardy. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word 'keow' after the manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good nature did Hardy bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation.

"I suppose Hardy," said Jenson, one day "I suppose your lady means to make a milk man of you?"

"Why not?" asked Hardy.

"O nothing; only don't leave much water in your cans after you rinse them—that's all!"

The boys laughed; and Hardy not in the least mortified, replied,

"Never fear, if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation, there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from other cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the Principal of our Academy, and both Hardy and Jenson received a creditable number; for in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered it bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last boy who received one, was young Manners, who three years ago rescued the blind girl from drowning.

should get along nicely." The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

Well, when it was discovered by the other boys of the Academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow he was assailed with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shrinking observation, and driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, content in the thought that he was doing right, caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be heaped on him.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you. Was there not a true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, master Hardy, do not stink out of sight behind the blackboard! You are not afraid of ridicule—you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, master Edward James Hardy, and let us see your honest face!

As Hardy, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, what a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct.—The ladies stood upon the benches and waved their handkerchiefs; the old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hardy's feet seemed prouder ornaments than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell a good thing of Jenson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his conduct, and after we were dismissed he went with tears in his eyes and tendered his hand to Hardy, making a handsome apology for his past ill-manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hardy with delighted cordiality, "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation." The boys one and all, followed Jenson's example; and then we set forth with huzzas into the woods.—What a happy day it was!

**Hardy's Death.**

The sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it as he would have listened to the canon of another battle during his military life, without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon, for delay, nor for appeal. He had advanced, of his own accord, toward the door, as if to accelerate the catastrophe. The door opened on a narrow esplanade lying between the towers of the castle and the outer walls.—Twelve soldiers with loaded muskets awaited him there. The narrow space did not permit him to stand at a sufficient distance to deprive his death of part of its horrors. Marat, in stepping over the threshold of the chamber, found himself face to face with them. He looked to have his eyes bandaged, and he looked at the soldiers with a firm and benevolent smile, said—"My friends, do not make me suffer by taking bad aim. The narrow space compels you almost to rest the muzzles of your muskets on my breast; do not tremble; do not strike me in the face, aim at my heart—here it is; As he spoke thus, he placed his right hand upon his coat, to indicate the position of his heart. In his left hand he held a small medal, which contained, in one focus of love, the image of his wife and four children, as if he wished thus to make them witnesses of his last look. He fixed his eyes on this portrait, and received the death-blow in the contemplation of all he loved on earth.—His body, pierced at so short a distance with twelve balls, fell, with his arms open and his face towards the earth, as if still embracing the kingdom he once possessed, and which he had come to reconquer for his tomb. They threw his cloak upon his body, which was buried in the Cathedral of Pazzi. Thus died the most chivalrous soldier of the imperial epoch—not the greatest—but the most heroic figure among the champions of the new Alexander.

**Enthusiastic Wife.**

Siebenau could never inspire Lenette with a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she could forget heaven and earth and every thing else. She could count the strokes of the clock between his kisses and could listen and run off to the saucepan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns which echoed loudly from the neighboring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the protest question, "What shall I warm up for supper?" and he never could banish from his remembrance that once, when she was quite touched, and listening to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, toward his feet, and at length said, "don't put on the left stocking to-morrow, I must darn it."

**A Landlord Gaffled.**

A Yankee—but whether he was a trader or not I can't say—stopped at a tavern 'away up north' in the State of New York, called for a supper and 'fixins,' and after swallowing a pretty darned considerable bill retired. Meanwhile the landlord and interlopers, were busily engaged in conversation.

By and bye, Yankees and Yankee tricks were discussed. The landlord informed his bar-room company that there was a Yankee in the house, and if 'twere possible he would have a trick or two out of him before he left, while the store said 'hang on' and 'lingers' were to be witnesses. After a 'pleasant smile' all around at the landlord's they mizzled.

Next morning landlord and company were ready to snip Mr. Yankee as soon as he should make his appearance. Breakfast being over, in walks Jonathan, with an air peculiar to folks 'down east,' paid his bill, and was about to depart, when the landlord accosted him with—

"You're the plan to be seen that you're a Yankee. Can or will you oblige us with a trick or two, for I can assure you we are ready to be tricked if you can do it."

"Wal, dunno 'bout that. He's dun a few in my time; but dunno as I kin dew anything 'smart this mornin'."

"O, do. Let's have a trick," exclaimed the eager crowd.

"Wal, seem' it yes, I'll dew it jest to please you; but I s'pose you mustn't gum."

"I'll go his security," chimed in old Rum-nose.

"I reckon," says Jonathan, "yew sell a prodigious sight of liquor in these parts, and good at that. Yew have a pipe of wine in the cellar, eh?"

"O, yes, ale stuff too, I tell you."

"Wal," says Jonathan, "come along all yew that want to behold the miracle performed," and down they went into the cellar. The said pipe was pointed out.—"Now," says the Yankee, "gentlemen, yew see that pipe of wine, dew you?"

A nod of assent went the rounds of the crowd.

"Wal, now I kin take brandy out of one end, and gin out of t'other."

"Do it, and you can take my head for a football," exclaimed the landlord.

Jonathan crouly drew from his pocket a small gimlet, and bored a small hole in one end of the pipe, which hole the landlord was requested to cover with his thumb.—He did so, and soon a hole was bored in 't'other end."

Jonathan kept a sober phiz during the operation, and requested the landlord to stop up the 't'other while he went after something to put the darned stuff in. The landlord complied with this request, and stretched across the pipe, resembled a man-of-war's man about to receive a dozen with the cat. Jonathan immediately decamped, he did.

The landlord's back began to ache, and he began to think the Yankee was a long time getting ready to put the licker in.—Soon the walls of his barn began to bile over, and words too deep for human ears were struggling for utterance, and he, holding on, endeavored to keep the wine from leaking out. Soon the hoax began to leak up to the heads of the 'outsiders.'

By and bye, one gave a laugh, and guessed the landlord was a dune a leetle the bravest of anything he'd ever seen; and didn't the walls of the old cellar ring and ring again with bursts of laughter?—Well, they did.

The landlord raved and swore almost—he was a deacon in the church; and at last he broke forth with,

"Dogs my eternal cats, if I haint been tricked by that confounded Yankee."

**Death of Hon. William Marchant.**

Although some months have passed since the death of Judge Marchant, it is not too late to render a brief sketch of his useful and distinguished life; and it is not proper that one who has held so prominent a place among the men of a former generation should pass away without more extended notice than the simple record of his death and his age. Judge Marchant died at South Kingstown on the 21st day of last January aged 82 years. The following sketch has been prepared by a competent hand:

He was the son of Hon. Henry Marchant, one of the most distinguished lawyers of this State in the time of the revolution and afterwards. Henry Marchant was Attorney General of the colony from 1770 to 1777, and was employed by the colony to important agencies in England relating to the boundary and other difficulties. Like many others he was compelled to remove from Newport during the war, and purchased the estate a few miles west of Kingstown, still owned by his family.—He was, in 1777, 1778 and 1779, delegate to the Continental Congress, and was re-elected in 1784. He was afterwards District Judge of the United States for Rhode Island.

Judge William Marchant, his son, lately deceased, was born at Newport, December 19, 1774. As might be expected, from the character and standing of his father, he received an excellent education. He graduated at Yale College in the year 1792, and took his second degree there in 1795. He studied the profession of law in his father's office, and afterwards with Judge Barnes, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1795, and commenced practice in Washington county. In May, 1808, he was appointed second Judge of the Supreme Court of this State, Peleg Arnoold being Chief Justice. At the time of his election to this office, he, with the late Hon. Elisha R. Potter, represented the town of South Kingstown in the General Assembly, of which body he had been a member for three or four years previous. He was subsequently a member of one of the constitutional conventions, and in 1836 and 1837 held the office of Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, for the county of Washington.

While Judge Marchant was in the Supreme Court, his learning and ability gave him a controlling influence in it, as the writer of this is informed by a member of the bar who recollects him at that period. He was for some time its presiding Judge. In politics he was what is called a Federalist of the old school. He was remarkable at all times, even in the most ordinary conversation, for his correct and grammatical use of the English language, of which he had a great command, always speaking fluently, and with elegance and ease. His thorough education presided him from being carried away by the sort of Irish or fourth of July style which was so common in his early days, and which, even at this time, so often passes for eloquence with the ignorant or half-educated. His style, both in writing and speaking, was pure Saxon English. He was very early familiar with the French language, and in his last sickness, when his faculties were impaired, and all but the memories of his early years had failed him, he often repeated snatches of French verses.

For the last twenty years Judge Marchant had retired from public life and lived upon his farm in South Kingstown, and he is therefore but little known to the active men of the present generation.—During that period his time has been devoted to his family and his friends. He was devotedly religious, and took an active interest in all the reforms and improvements of the day.

*From Daily Journal.*

**A Hearty Laugh.**

After all what a capital kindly, honest, jolly, glorious, good thing a laugh is!—What a digester! What a febrifuge!—What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast, or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness.—Whether it discloses the gums of infancy or the grinders of folly or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dispels the visage or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases and on all faces, contorting, throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking idiosyncrasy of the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Bottom's transformation. Under every circumstance and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing.—Like "a thing of beauty" it is "a joy forever." There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting—except in sides and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laughter, one witness there are forthwith two laughter. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic.

## Historical.

### MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.

1682.  
produce his majesty's commission to our view, that we may be informed what his majesty's will and pleasure is, concerning us therein; and the rather because we have received no intimation thereof by any of his royal majesty's letters, as formerly in such cases. Thus not doubt of ready compliance with so just a demand, we take leave and remain gentlemen.

By order and appointment of the General court.  
JOHN POTTER, Clerk.  
Voted, that Mr. James Greene, Sen. and Wm. Allen be desired and appointed as messengers to convey a letter to Gov. Cranfield at Mr. Richard Smith's house at Narragansett, and to bring their answer.—This Assembly is adjourned until to-morrow then to meet at the house of Capt. John Fones at Narragansett or King's Province, at 8 o'clock in the morning, or thereabouts."

The General Assembly being met according to adjournment, the 23d of August, 1683. We, James Greene, Sen. and William Allen, being messengers appointed by this Assembly to convey a letter unto Gov. Cranfield, and some others with him, at the house of Mr. Richard Smith at Narragansett, which accordingly we did, and upon delivering the same unto Gov. Cranfield, I the said James Greene told the said Gov. Cranfield, that the letter was sent by the Gov. and Assembly of this colony—the said Gov. Cranfield asked, what Governor? and the said James Greene answered it was sent by the Governor of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, with the Assembly thereto belonging, which is now in being; then the said Governor Cranfield answered, again, that he knew of no Gov. in the King's Province.

Dated this 23d of August, 1683, at the house of Capt. John Fones at Narragansett.

James Greene, Sen.  
Wm. Allen."

Voted, Whereas we understand, upon the return of our messengers, Mr. James Greene and Mr. William Allen, that they delivered the court's letter to the Hon. Edward Cranfield, Lieutenant Governor Commander in Chief of New Hampshire, signifying that it was a letter sent from the Governor and court of the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, whereunto they say the Hon. G. Cranfield answered that he owned no such Governor here in the King's Province, and no return being made to our letter &c. or any commission produced to this assembly, but understood that they proceed to setting a court; Therefore this Assembly taking this matter into serious consideration, do unanimously order and agree, that the Hon. Governor and Council do forthwith send a prohibition under their hands and seals, in his Majesty's name, forbidding them to proceed in keeping court, and to require all persons to depart peaceably in pain of contempt of the King's authority."

To Mr. Calverly, General Sergeant, who is ordered to publish the prohibition at or near Mr. Richard Smith's house in Narragansett.

We, the Governor and Council of his Majesty's Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, &c. having understood, not only by our messengers, Mr. James Greene and Mr. William Allen, but also by a letter from under the hand of William Wharton, Register, said by order of his Majesty's commissioners, bearing date, Narragansett, 1683. That the Hon. Edward Cranfield Esq. Gov. and Commander in Chief of New Hampshire, together with other associates, have this day presumed to set a court at Mr. Smith's house, by virtue of some printed briefs in their own name, without either date or place mentioned where it was made, not showing this government any commission from his Majesty for so doing, notwithstanding the Court's demand thereof; and we being bound by his Majesty's commission under the broad seal &c. to provide the peace and safety of his Majesty's subjects here, do in his Majesty's name prohibit the said Edward Cranfield and associates from keeping court in any part of this jurisdiction; and we also hereby require, in his Majesty's name, every person or persons within the verge of this colony and King's Province, peaceably to depart and not to be abettors to the pretended court, in pain of contempt of his Majesty's authority.

Given under our hands and seal at Capt. John Fones house at Narragansett, this 23d of August, 1683.

Wm. Coddington, Gov.  
Walter Clarke, Deputy Gov.  
Assistants.

John Easton, Arthur Fenner,  
Joseph Jencks, Rich. Arnold,  
John Albro, Geo. Lawton,  
John Greene, Benjamin Barton,  
To Edward Cranfield, Esq. Lieut. Governor and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Province of New Hampshire, with the rest concerned.











